

The Florence Tribune.

VOL. VI.

FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1897.

NO. 31.

Across the Continent on the Stearns.

NEARLY 4,000 MILES WITHOUT A BREAK.
400 RIDERS—400 WHEELS.
NOTHING BUT STEARNS BICYCLES RIDDEN.

THE Journal-Examiner Yellow Fellow Relay finished Sept. 7, in the marvelous time of 13 days, was the greatest cycling event ever originated, and its successful execution demonstrates the strength and speed merits of the Stearns as these virtues have never before been established for any bicycle. This ride over trails, mountain passes, rocks, boulders, railroad ties, deserts and cactus fields in such time is simply marvelous, and it all stands to the credit of the Stearns, whose makers originated and successfully executed the relay.

The way to do it is to do it on the Stearns.

E. C. STEARNS & COMPANY, MAKERS.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

PARIS, FRANCE.
TORONTO, ONTARIO.

K. L. HART, Agent.

TUCSON, ARIZONA.

RAIL ROAD TIME TABLES

Santa Fe, Prescott & Phoenix R'y Co.

WITH THE
SANTA FE SYSTEM

Is the Shortest
And Quickest Route

To Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago
and all points EAST.
S. F., P. & P. TIME TABLE, NO. 22,
Effective May 21, 1897.

Days.	Through Time Card.	Days.
Monday 5:30pm	San Francisco, Ar. 4:15pm	Tuesday
Tuesday 10:30am	Mohave, Ar. 4:45am	Tuesday
Tuesday 7:00am	San Diego, Ar. 1:15pm	Tuesday
Tuesday 8:45am	Los Angeles, Ar. 2:30pm	Tuesday
Tuesday 1:30pm	Barstow, Ar. 1:15pm	Tuesday
Tuesday 11:00pm	The Needles, Ar. 4:00pm	Monday
Wednesday 1:00pm	Kingman, Ar. 5:00pm	Monday
Wednesday 1:00pm	Las Vegas, Ar. 1:30pm	Monday
Monday 10:30pm	Chicago, Ar. 9:25pm	Monday
Monday 11:30pm	St. Louis, Ar. 8:15pm	Monday
Tuesday 12:30pm	Kansas City, Ar. 11:30am	Tuesday
Tuesday 5:30pm	Denver, Ar. 5:30pm	Tuesday
Wednesday 10:30am	Albuquerque, Ar. 10:30am	Monday
Thursday 6:00am	Phoenix, Ar. 6:00am	Monday
Thursday 10:30am	Phoenix, Ar. 10:30am	Monday
Thursday 1:00pm	Phoenix, Ar. 1:00pm	Monday

*Dining station.

THE SCENIC ROUTE OF ARIZONA!

The best route to California. The only north and south line in Arizona.

Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Petrified Forest, Cliff Dwellings, Great Pine Forests, Salt River Valley and Numerous Other Points of Interest.

Through tickets to all points in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

Nos. 1 & 4 connect at Jerome Junction with trains of the U. V. & P. R'y. for Jerome.

Connecting at Prescott with stage lines for all principal mining centers at Congress Junction with Congress Gold Co. R. R. for Congress and stage lines for Barona, Hala Station and Yarnell at Phoenix with the M. & S. L. V. R'y. for points on the S. P. R'y.

Trains for California leave Ash Fork at 1:30 p. m., arriving in Los Angeles next morning at 6:30, and San Francisco next evening at 6:30. Train for the East leaves Ash Fork at 7:40 a. m.

F. M. MURPHY, GEO. M. SARGENT,
Pres't & Gen'l Mgr., Gen. Fr. & Pass. Agt.,
Prescott, Ariz. Prescott, Arizona.

R. E. WELLS,
Asst. Gen. Mgr.,
Prescott, Ariz.

Southern Pacific Railway.

Eastbound. Westbound.

8:45am Denning 10:15am

11:15am Lordsburg 11:15am

11:15am Wilcox 11:15am

11:15am Benson 11:15am

11:15am Tucson 11:15am

11:15am Arizona 11:15am

11:15am Casa Grande 11:15am

11:15am Maricopa 11:15am

11:15am Phoenix 11:15am

11:15am Phoenix 11:15am

Train No. 1 connects with Southern Pacific at 10:30 p. m.

Train No. 2 connects with Southern Pacific at 12:30 p. m.

Connections made at Phoenix with S. F., P. & P. R. R. for Prescott and Congress.

Connections made at Mesa with stage for Goldfield, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 12:30 p. m. for Florence and Globe, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10:00 a. m.

Fullman Palace Sleeping Car on trains Nos. 1 and 2 between Phoenix and Maricopa.

Tickets sold to all principal points and baggage checked to destination.

N. K. HASTEN, C. C. McNEIL,
Pres't. Gen. Supt.

F. E. SANDOZ,
Gen'l Freight & Pass. Agent.

New Mexico & Arizona R'y.

West. STATIONS. East.

6:00am Lv. Benson Ar. 5:40pm

8:00am Fairbank 1:00pm

1:00pm Huachuca 12:10pm

1:00pm Crittenden 10:20am

1:30pm Calabazas 9:00am

1:30pm Nogales 8:20am

Daily except Sunday. Pacific time.

J. J. FREY, General Manager.

T. A. NACHO, L. H. ALBRECHT,
Assistant General Manager. Train Master.

TWO FOR ONE.

Send for free sample and judge thereby.

THE FLORENCE TRIBUNE

—AND—

THE CINCINNATI WEEKLY ENQUIRER.

Both one year for only \$3.00.

The Enquirer is a 9-column, 8-page paper, issued each Thursday.

Largest in size, cheapest in price, most reliable in news, all large type, plain print, good white paper. If our readers want another live paper, the Enquirer is that paper.

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THE TRIBUNE,

FLORENCE, ARIZONA.

The Enquirer is the great free silver paper of the east.

THE FLORENCE HOTEL,

NOW OPEN...

New Two-Story Brick Building, Newly Furnished.

The Only First-Class Hotel in Florence.

CUISIN UNEXCELLED.

Everything Furnished the Market Affords.

AN LEE, Proprietor.

ANTONIO CHINAMAN

DEALER IN

General Merchandise,

Corner Ninth and Bailey Sts.,

Florence, Arizona.

Tunnel Saloon.

CHOICE WINES,

LIQUORS

AND CIGARS.

J. G. KEATING Proprietor

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent?

Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth.

Write JOHN W. WILSON & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 price book and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

Notice.—Any information regarding the Casa Grande valley will be cheerfully furnished by Chas. D. Repp, Immigration Commissioner for Pinal County, Florence, Ariz.

THE EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD

How the Brigadier held the King.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

(Continued.)

Now I wish to be very clear with you on this point, my friends, for I would not have you think that I was a man who had helped me away from the brigades. You must remember that of all duties the strongest is that which a commanding officer owes to his men. You must also bear in mind that war is a game which is played under fixed rules, and when these rules are broken one must at once claim the forfeit. If, for example, I had given a parole, then I should have been an infamous wretch had I dreamed of escaping. But no parole had been asked of me. Out of overconfidence and the chance of the lame horse dropping behind, the Bart had permitted me to get upon equal terms with him. Had it been I who had taken him I should have used him as courteously as he had me, but at the same time I should have respected his enterprise so far as to have deprived him of his sword, and seen that I had at least one guard besides myself. I reined up my horse and explained this to him, asking him at the same whether he saw any breach of honor in my leaving him.

He thought about it, and several times repeated that which the English say when they mean "Mon Dieu." "You



and yet not too tall—about the same height in fact that I am myself. He was clad in a dark uniform with a small cocked hat and some sort of white plume upon the side. But I had thought for his dress. It was his face, his gaunt cheeks, his beak of a nose, his masterful blue eyes, his thin firm slit of a mouth which made one feel that this was a wonderful man, a man of a million. His brow were tied into a knot, and he cast such a glance at my poor Bart from under those dark eyes as

made me feel that I was looking at one of the arch-foes of the law. Of the two other men, one, who had a face as brown and as hard as though it had been carved out of old oak, wore a bright red coat, while the other, a fine portly man with bushy side whiskers, was in a blue jacket with gold facings. Some little distance behind three orderlies were holding as many horses, while an escort of lancers were waiting in the rear.

"Heh, Crawford, what the devil's this?" asked the thin man.

"D'you hear, sir," cried the man with the red coat. "Lord Wellington wants to know what this means."

My poor Bart broke into an account of all that had occurred, but that rock-face never softened for an instant.

"Pretty fine," said he, "Gen. Crawford," he broke in. "The discipline of this force must be maintained, sir! Report yourself at headquarters as a prisoner."

It was dreadful to me to see the Bart mount his horse and ride off with hanging head. I could not endure it. I threw myself before this English general. I pleaded with him for my friend. I told him how I, Col. Gerard, would witness what a dashing young officer he was. Ah, my eloquence might have melted the hardest heart; I brought tears to my own eyes, but

such a stake. But I—my friends, I was superb! Of the five which I had to make to win I gained three on the first hand. The Bart bit his mustache and drummed his hands, while I already felt myself at the head of my dear little rascals. On the second I turned the king, but lost two tricks, and my score was four to his two. When I saw my next hand I could not but give a cry of delight. If I cannot gain my freedom on this, thought I, I deserve to remain forever in chains.

Give me the cards, landlord, and I will lay them on the table for you. Here was my hand—knave and ace of clubs, queen and knave of diamonds and king of hearts. Clubs are trumps, mark you, and I had but one point between me and freedom. As you may think, I declined his proposal. He knew that it was the crisis, and he undid his tunic. I threw my dolman on ground. He led the ten of spades. I took it with my ace of trumps. One point in my favor. The correct play was to clear the trumps, and I led the

knave. Down came the queen upon it, and the game was equal. He led the eight of spades, and I could only discard my ace of diamonds. Then came the seven of spades, and the hair fairly stood straight up on my head. We each threw down a king at the finale. He had won two points, and my beautiful hand had been mastered by his inferior one. I could have rolled on the ground as I thought of it. They used to play very good ecarte at Watier's in the year '10. I say it—I, Brigadier Gerard.

The last game was now for all. This next hand must settle it one way or the other. He undid his sash and I put away my sword belt. He was cool, this Englishman, and I tried to be also, but the perspiration would trickle into my eyes. The deal lay with him and I saw confusion to you, my friends, that my hand shook so that I could hardly pick my cards from the pack. But when I raised them what was the first thing that my eyes rested upon? It was the king, the king, the glorious king of trumps. My mouth was open to declare it when the words were frozen to my lips by the appearance of my comrade.

He held his cards in his hand, but his jaw had fallen and his eyes were staring over my shoulder with the most dreadful expression of consternation and surprise. I whisked round, and I myself was amazed at what I saw.

Three men were standing quite close to us—fifteen meters at the farthest. The middle one was of a good height,

and yet not too tall—about the same height in fact that I am myself. He was clad in a dark uniform with a small cocked hat and some sort of white plume upon the side. But I had thought for his dress. It was his face, his gaunt cheeks, his beak of a nose, his masterful blue eyes, his thin firm slit of a mouth which made one feel that this was a wonderful man, a man of a million. His brow were tied into a knot, and he cast such a glance at my poor Bart from under those dark eyes as

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